

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay.
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away.
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth 'n' sweep.
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun.
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Et you
Don't Watch
Out!

One't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night 'away up stairs,
His mammy heard him holler, an' his daddy heard him bawl?
An' when they turn't the kivers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole 'an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' ever'where, I guess;
But all they ever found was this his pants an' roundabout!
An the Gobble-uns 'll gits you

Et you
Don't Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ad allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one 'an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' one't when they was "company," an' she mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em 'n' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels 'an' turn't to run an' hide 'r,
They was two great big Black Things a standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the cellin' for she knowed what she's about!
An the Gobble-uns 'll gits you

Et you
Don't Watch
Out!

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You had better mind your parents, an' yer teachers fond and dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you 'n' dry the orphan's fear,
An' he'll pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Et the Gobble-uns 'll gits you

Et you
Don't Watch
Out!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"The Rousing of Lander"

"What's after you, Lander? Are you trying to run away from yourself?"

The stentorian tones of McHenry, foreman in the Gorton Company's lumber yard, halted Tom Lander like a brick wall. With his face dropped sheepishly to the ground he turned back to his work and the teasing companions who a moment before had started him on a wild scamper for his life.

"If you want to get away from, your job, you know," the foreman warned him, with a grimly significant smile, "I'll divorce you without all that excitement."

Lander made no answer. It was not his way to shift to his companions. But a worried look came into his countenance as he silently resumed the task of piling boards. It was his constant fear the mischief of the other men would work disaster and the loss of place to himself. Once when he had been a little fellow in school, sitting up correctly with his hands behind him, the boy in his rear had tickled his palms and brought him a stinging rebuke from the teacher because he jumped and yelled.

Sam Jones was working on the pile with him now. "Say, Longley," he queried, with a chuckle; "do you know how they steer torpedoes under water by wireless? If we could get Lander on a run like that some time and control his movements it would be a barrel of fun. Can't you hear boss McHenry grunt when Lander bumps him going a mile a minute? Oh my!"

Jones was convulsed by the picture he made for himself; and Longley guffawed with him. Even Lander had to smile. But the smile quickly died away. He knew the men were good fellows at heart; but their nonsense was his dread.

"I don't really think the boss would notice it, though," Longley slyly suggested; and at that Lander flushed. Lander didn't have much to boast of certainly. In figure and in face he achieved little more than extreme boyishness. His gray eyes alone, and at times a certain air, marked him out as a man, or pretty nearly one.

He glanced down at his bursted shoes as he heard Jones ask why his mother didn't send him to school. "Shame to start children working before they get their growth," Jones thought. Lander thought so, too; he had a small brother to support and keep in school besides a mother and sister.

"Oh, but wait until the foreman goes off on that three days' trip of his," Longley suddenly remembered, with delight. "Then we will have fun."

Longley was passing out shelving boards from a car on the siding and Lander was piling them. The little fellow frowned and set his teeth. There was no doubt they would try to have fun with him when the eagle eye of the chief was taken off them. But Lander decided that he would have to make a stand in that event. The foreman was stern but Lander sometimes had the idea he understood the situation more than he let on. Not so Mr. Gorton. The firm member would be quick to resent foolish waste of time and quick to discharge. Lander thought with a little catch that he couldn't afford that. A serious light came into his gray eyes, making them big.

Why he hadn't made a stand before he didn't know, except that he thought it would only aggravate the situation. He believed, mistakenly or not, that he escaped a good deal by accepting what he got meekly. Even at that he got enough. Just now, as he beat down to adjust a board, some one behind him quietly fastened a hook to his jean-trouser's belt. When he got up and took a step it upset him. He tumbled, rolled and fell off the edge of the low pile.

The fall couldn't hurt him; the men were not mean enough for that sort of thing. But, as usual, the foreman came up just in time to see.

"You don't seem to be able to stay satisfactorily," he dryly rebuked, as Lander, accompanied by the low chuckles of the men, poked up his abashed person and started to climb back.

Fortunately the whistle blew for noon. The men scattered for their dinners and Lander had a brief rest. He appreciated it. He had been up late the night before, earning a few extra cents helping to load a moving van. The fellow for whom he worked, however, had not paid him the thirty cents due; and he ruefully feared that he was not going to get it.

He ate his dinner seated on a low timber stack, swinging his feet. The yard was a large one. Next to his pile was an open space. Then came a towering heap of boards; and off beyond, on both sides of the black and churned mud of the drive, ran the undulating stacks, some low, some high and some very high. In the dim perspective, where the orderly rows were lost in the blinding glare of a summer sun, a heavily loaded wagon was making preparations to get under way, a hurry order compelling the driver to work overtime. The raspy voice talking to the horses sounded faintly in the ears of the dreamy Lander.

Eating the last crumbs of a piece of a pie Lander kicked his feet against the stack and smiled softly. He was thinking happily of the progress his brother and sister were making at school; and incidentally he was hoping fervently that he might commend himself to his employers for continued service—and the usual pay. He had been in the yard for only a few weeks; and he could not be sure how far he had approved himself.

The dust came out of his old shoes as he sat restfully thinking. But suddenly he felt a heavy hand laid gently on the back of his neck. Then he was lifted enough to slide off the pile and gently tumble into the mud of the drive.

There was a chuckle as he got up and turned in surprise to face Jones and Longley. As he might have expected, the men, having finished their dinner, were early for fun.

"We want to work on this pile," Jones cheerfully explained in evident enjoyment of his original preparations.

Lander might have asked why he was smitten with such a sudden spirit of industry fifteen minutes before the whistle blew. But Jones had turned his back for a moment

and Lander, leaping quickly back to his old seat remained, with wary eye, kicking his feet as monochalantly as before. He did not resent the fun which was all in good spirit and which ordinarily he would have enjoyed; but he had made up his mind now to show the men that he wouldn't be the butt of it all the time.

Jones glanced around the next instant and stared humorously when he saw Lander back on the pile. His big mouth expanded in a grin and he scratched his head with pretended perplexity.

"I thought I chucked you off there?" he observed, interrogatively and as though he could not possibly understand how anything he ever did could come undone so easily.

"You did," Lander admitted, with a good-natured smile, "I remember it perfectly."

"Well—," Jones stepped forward craftily. A light in Lander's eyes defied him, challenged him. Longley saw it too and danced delightedly.

"Look out, Jones," he warned. "Lander thinks you are just pie for him. He'll bite a big piece out of you."

Jones suddenly shot out a brawny arm which seemed to have the gobbling powers of a boiler crane. There was no animosity in the reach; he wanted only to get a controlling grip on the watching Lander. But Lander leaped away so quickly that Jones failed of his aim and was obliged to clutch at the edge of the lumber pile to save himself from falling.

A couple more men had drifted up and were enjoying the nonsense. Longley, like a traitor, deserted Jones and began to coach Lander.

"Grab him, Tom," he instructed; "and I'll bring the canal over so you can drop him in it."

Jones had set himself the task of catching Lander and laughingly chased after him. Round and round the stacks they raced until once Lander stopped as with the suddenness of applied air brakes. Then his artful foot caught and dropped Jones into the mud and squared accounts.

The fun of the chase had been exhausted. Lander stood his ground when Jones climbed to his feet; and then he met his opponent with a new purpose. A small palm struck out like lightning with a dazing slap that destroyed Jones' clutching aim. It was followed by another; and then the gentle but demoralizing slaps began to rain with a species of friendly enthusiasm all over the expanse of Jones' dark face. It was like the rapid tattoo of a boilermaker, the rip-tip of drum sticks in the hand of an experienced operator.

Jones was handicapped by a fit of laughing which had followed his tumble into the mud. Then Lander's rapid play on his face had acted as a tickling to set him hysterically giggling. The dancing horde of men around them, moreover, was calculated to heighten the hilarious circus effect.

"Back up! Back up!" Lander gleefully ordered. And the dazed Jones could do no other than obey him, with the spectators circling about for the best view. And backing up in the empty space between the high stack and the low muck was against him. His body struck one of the timbers laid to keep the stack off the earth and the measured length on the ground.

He was evidently too tired to get up and Lander, too, was winded with the sparring and the laughing.

"I guess I'll run away while I have breath left," Lander told himself, wiping his face free with his coat-sleeve of the mud into which Jones had dumped him.

It was a wise thought. If Jones ever got hold of him the tables would be turned for sure. But the men were disappointed at losing their sport. The loaded wagon was coming and the driver of it had seen enough to interest him. He was urging his horses forward to the arena.

"What's your hurry?" the teamster begged, as Lander watchfully edged off. Jones was wearily climbing to a sitting position. "I didn't see any of it yet," the driver mournfully reminded.

There were some other things he didn't see, either. The off wheel of the still moving wagon came

with a smashing force up against the lumber stack. With his eyes turned toward the open space and Jones the driver was unconsciously headed too much to that side, and the power of a pile driver was behind his magnificent team of big horses.

There was a sudden yell of terror from the men, who instinctively shrank back as the huge pile trembled, staggered from the blow and bent over the prostrate Jones in the alley.

It had all happened too quickly for Jones to realize his danger. He was searching for his hat. The foreman, just coming in, saw the impending tragedy and yelled. A scrap of plank fell from the pile and just missed the man beneath. The pile tried to right itself, failed and began to come over, with hundreds of tons of weight to crush and bury the unfortunate Jones.

There was only a second of grace. Everybody unconsciously waited for the accident before he breathed. The driver of the wagon, after a terrified yell, tugged at the bits of his wildly prancing horses.

Longley was between Lander and Jones. With a leap and without meaning to be impolite, Lander hurled the paralyzed Longley aside with the strength of necessity; and in another leap he reached the side of Jones.

There was flashing grip. Thin arms caught at the falling man unerringly and with a backward jump Lander seemed literally to rip his mate out from under the roaring pile that smashed thunderingly down at the instant.

Lander's heel was caught and he was thrown. The "ripping" pull sent Jones hurling an inch farther toward safety and face down in the black drive.

"Eat some more dirt," Lander grimly suggested, as he cleared his own mouth of soil and picked himself up while the earth still trembled from the crash.

Where Jones had lain was now a hopelessly jumbled pile of timbers. "Phew!" he breathed. That and his pale face spoke a word of gratitude as he held a hand out to Lander. Longley already had Lander's other hand clasped fast.

The foreman showed in a few words that he could come pretty near to guessing who was at the bottom of the incident.

"You and Longley," he told Jones, dryly, "need a strong hand to keep you down. I've been spying around for some wide-awake chap to jump in as temporary foreman while I'm away and look after your chaps. He knows your tricks pretty well and I'm satisfied with the way he jumps into things when it's necessary. Shake hands with him again. He's your boss in more senses than one."—*The American Boy.*

Terrier And The Lioness

That victory is not always a matter of size or strength was pleasantly illustrated in the case of the dog that did his duty so effectually in the incident here related.

A man named De Beer had started early one morning for a journey on foot in Matabeleland, leaving his boy to pack up and follow him. He had not gone half a mile when he heard a growl and, turning, saw an immense lioness about fifty yards away and rapidly approaching. She was within twenty paces when he fired. The shot broke the beast's jaw.

The second shot broke one of her legs. The third, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed altogether and the man was borne down.

In a few seconds he was mauled and bitten and his left hand severely injured. There seemed little hope that he could escape alive, for his gun was out of reach and the lion, lying on him, prevented him from moving.

But with De Beer was one companion, a little terrier. The tiny animal flew bravely at the lioness' ear, got a good hold and hung grimly on. This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to reach his rifle again with his right hand and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him, his left hand still in her mouth.

Eyes Denote Character.

There are scores of little eye signs which give the key to a person's thoughts and betray that person when he or she is unaware of it. An ordinary man, bent on deception, will finch his eyes if some one looks him "straight in the eyes." The accomplished ronge, however, will not. The eye that never flinches is not, as many people—especially young women—suppose, the sign of an open and affectionate character. More often than not it betrays the criminal. A detective declared that the worst ronge he ever came across was possessed of a pair of oversteady eyes, and that their unswerving gaze kept him above suspicion for a couple of decades. He would probably never have been suspected of his many crimes had he not been caught red-handed while attempting to cash a forged check.

The unsteady eye—that is, the eye that jerks rapidly from eye to eye when the owner is excited or accused of a crime—does not express guilt, as is often believed. In nine cases out of ten it is a sign of honesty and an unsettled mind.

If you measure the distance between your eyes you will probably find that it is the breadth of one eye. If by chance your eyes are farther apart than that you are possibly very intellectual and have a tenacious memory. Eyes that are very close together very often signify a deceitful, cunning nature.

Blue eyes are considered to possess more attractions than eyes of any other color. Among the Greeks and Romans of classic times, girls possessing eyes of this color found great favor among men, and it must not be forgotten that the goddess Minerva received a surname to signify the blueness of her eyes. There are, of course, several kinds of blue eyes, and physiognomists declare that the pure blue eye, while denoting a sincere, honest nature, is seldom possessed by a person with large intellectuality.

On the other hand, the large, clear, blue eye indicates not only great mental power, but sincerity and honesty. The eye which is half blue and gray, and is absent of orange specks, denotes a practical and pure mind; but the china blue eye, when it is glassy and unchanging, is generally a sign that the owner is of a cold and selfish nature. This eye is generally the property of criminals.

"There are no eyes which are coal black. What are called black eyes are of a very dark brown, and as a rule they are possessed by men and women who are constant in their affections and perfectly honest in all business they undertake. Dark brown eyes which, while sparkling, are very shifty, denote that the owners are selfish, unscrupulous, and of a cruel disposition. Light brown eyes express deceitfulness and lack of imagination, while the small, penetrating brown eye of mercurial nature, vivaciousness and deceitfulness.

It has been declared that all clever men and women look upon the world with gray eyes. That there is a considerable amount of truth in this statement can be gathered from the fact that a large proportion of living writers and artists have eyes of gray, and among great ones of the past whose eyes were of this color were Shakespeare, Coleridge, Byron, Charlotte Bronte, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot and Charles Reade.

Gray eyes, by the way, denote creative temperament, but not always honesty. What the novelists and poets term the cold gray eye, is considered to be a sign of selfishness and cruelty, though it often denotes shrewdness and talent.

Very clever people whose eyes are gray generally have small spots of orange in the iris round the pupil.—*Clipping.*

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
REV. J. H. CLOUD, Minister 2006 Virginia Avenue.
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

WHEELING.

No matter what strife of tongues or fingers or fists or arms that may separate one gang of boys from another, there is one point upon which all can agree. That is hatred of school. With what reluctance the children will drag themselves to the first day of school, after three months of care-free existence. What thoughts of rebellion against parental authority will arise, when, with faces shiny from fresh scrubbing of soap and water, they begin another term of the hated school year. It is really a wonder that the hatred exists. A boy's life to-day does not have the compulsions of a former generation. The farm boy, who had to drive the cows, milk them, rake scatterings after the hay cart, and stow the hay under the eaves, was glad enough to see the opening school come. Sitting down in a cool, quiet room with no farm hands to prod his weary legs along, was almost heaven. The city of town boy to-day has few such compelling tasks. Through summer, he wanders free as a bird; confining him in a school room is as difficult and popular as catching a flock of swallows and caging them. It can be done, because the dread figure of the truant officer is potentially at the door, but you must expect that the wings will flutter against the bars.

The going-away summer left with us pleasant memories of Mr. Chas. B. Deem, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Havens and family, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Charles A. Bailey, of Washington, Pa.; Miss Emma Bartlett, of Mannington, W. Va.; Mrs. Rebecca St. Clair, of Moundsville, W. Va.; Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., (twice); Mr. Marion Giffen, of St. Clairsville, O.; Rev. B. R. Allabough, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. John Fowler, of Wellsburg, W. Va.; Miss Hannah Englestrom, of Flushing, O.; Mr. Henry White, of West Virginia School for Deaf, Mr. Neville Marshall, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mr. Frank Bucey, of Royland, O.; and Mr. Moses Lambion, of Portsmouth, O. Still this early Fall has brought here the following visitors: Mr. Albert G. Lepley, of Youngstown, O.; Mr. Buther Fierbaugh, of Charlestown, W. Va.; Mr. Melville Woodruff, of New Brighton, Pa.; Mr. William Case, of Clarington, O.; and Master Dennis Riley, of Bridgeport, O.

Mr. Herbert Stoebr, being convalescent from serious illness, left here on Saturday before Labor Day, to make a beneficial tour to Cleveland, O., and other lake points.

We saw thrilling aerial flights by Walsh here every day during the State Fair week—September 24 to 26th.

Mrs. Clifton E. Holland, after running a cobbler's shop in a downtown for several months, departed for Deer Park, Md., to accept a farm job. He is downheartedly missed by our social circle. He received his education at the Maryland School.

"Epphatha" was the fine sermon Rev. O. J. Whildin preached at St. Matthew's Church, on August 27th, and the next evening, he treated us to a political lecture. The proceeds from the lecture were turned over to the re-building fund of the ill-fated St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf.

We are pleased to state that Rev. Jacob Brittingham, who is religiously identified with the deaf, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa. North Wheeling has become the Mecca of deaf residents. Mr. and Mrs. Chap Watson and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Faulkner and son, have lately moved there from the south side.

Two months' vacation disappearing, the Deaf-Mute Guild did a good evening's work on September 7th, in the basement of St. Matthew's. About twelve were present; Mr. Samuel W. Corbett, presiding. The monthly dues (twenty-five cents) was reduced to fifteen cents by an unanimous vote. The feature of the meeting was the discussions upon the advancement of the guild and social interests.

A Mrs. Anna Mertz has made her

home for some time in an adjacent town.

Mr. Clarence Nesbitt, in honor of his departure from Wheeling to Romney School, was, on the night of the 10th inst., tendered a farewell party by his parents at this residence in the North Side. Besides a large gathering of hearing, those attending it were Misses Ada J. Anderson, Ada L. Ryan, Nettie Goff, and Elizabeth Davis, Mrs. Chap Watson, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Alexander, J. C. Brewer, and Messrs. Butler Fierbaugh, of Charleston, W. Va., and Jules Andre, of Glenova. Clarence was a recipient of a number of useful gifts—one of them—he was greatly pleased with—"My Own Fairy Book"—and he used it on train the next morning.

A new game—"smelling game"—was introduced there by a school teacher, aunt of the host, and the deaf took it, but it was rather difficult and amusing. There were twelve small bottles, half-filled with medicine; to smell and to guess what and to name on a card, small social lead pencils being attached to it. Mrs. Watson led the guessing contest by eight, winning the first prize, an Indian picturesque match case. Mrs. Bremer, carried off the second prize—pin-cushion. The game concluding, the deaf turned the tables and dragged the hearing into the laughable game of blind man's buff.

Ice-cream, cake, and different fruits at a late hour, were served to all in the dining room. Very enjoyable.

Miss Ivy Weiderbusch and Messrs. Mariel Weiderbusch, David Toomey, Schepp and two or three new ones, of this city, have resumed their school duties in Romney.

Another brilliant "adieu" occurred at Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Frazier's, Brookside, in honor of the trio—Messrs. Dennis Riley, Joseph Lamotte, and David Williams. The occasion was mostly spent in various games; the Spanish dance, the feature. Those invited by telephone were Misses Ida and Alice Millard, Ada Anderson, and Grace Littleton; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Robb; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Alexander; Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Huggins and child; and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bremer, and Mr. Elmer Conway. Each of the pupils received several presents for school. A dainty luncheon was partaken of at nearly midnight.

Mr. Butler Fierbaugh returned home at Charleston, W. Va., on the "Kanawha" steamer the other morning, after a week's vacation with his uncle and aunt in Woodlawn, a suburb. B.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(Interdenominational)

BOSTON.

Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Brookline Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, on Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.).

SALEM.

Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August, 3:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointments.

To these services all are welcome.

E. CLAYTON WYAND,

Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence: Winchester St., Boston.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary

W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave.

and Monument St. Services and Bible

Class meetings every Sunday, 3:30 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Phillips Church,

Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and

1st St., N. E., Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant.

Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church

for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay

reader. Services every Sunday, 3:30 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Phillips Church,

Bible Class meetings, every Sunday,

9:30 A.M., Miss Robina Tillingshast,

Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday,

8 P.M., Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp

and Galine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracey,

Lay-reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above

and numerous other stations in the South

upon such occasions as are appointed and

locally made known. The Missionary will

be glad to confer with any one desiring

to assist in the work of the Mission.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
(One Copy, one year \$1.00)

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-birding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

The newspapers have again begun comment upon the plan to establish "a deaf-mute colony."

At intervals of every four or five years, this colonization scheme jets into the public prints as a new scheme of philanthropy. The Associated Press flashes it broadcast, with the result that from Maine to California the "poor, afflicted deaf and dumb mutes," form the topic of conversation and commiseration at thousands of breakfast tables.

Half a century or more has elapsed since the "deaf-mute colony," project was first evolved.

The originator of the idea was a deaf-mute, and the project had in it some justification, because of the comparatively meagre knowledge of the deaf by the public and the limited educational facilities of the time.

However, it failed, because the deaf had no desire to be segregated from the rest of humankind. The attractive prospect of a community of the deaf, governed and managed by the deaf, while it appealed to them very strongly, did not succeed in severing the home ties and the friendly associations that they already had.

An argument that finally floored even the enthusiasts, and put a quietus upon further agitation was: Even if a deaf-mute colony were started and peopled by deaf-mutes only, it could not remain so unless the children of the deaf-mutes were banished in childhood. The offspring of deaf-mute marriages invariably have all the senses, and as they grew up and succeeded their parents, whom old age or sickness had borne to the unknown land, the deaf-mute colony would become a colony of hearing people.

The present agitation to form a deaf-mute colony in the Missouri Ozarks, is as unpractical and ridiculous as all the other similar projects that have died aborning during past years.

It is an unjust reflection upon the Institutions that educate the deaf to suggest that they require a different mode of life, under different conditions, than that which is lived by the people who hear and speak.

Deaf-mute children are sent to schools and Institutions in order that they may be educated and trained to take their places alongside of hearing people, to perform their tasks as well and to fulfill their obligations as citizens as faithfully.

During their school life their associations are necessarily with others who are deaf like themselves. The home-goings and vacations are salutary breaks in this system of existence, and in conjunction with their education instills into their minds that exclusive association with each other is not to be perpetuated and that their lifework must be amongst those who hear.

A community of interests among

the fruit raisers of the Ozarks does not seem to be an advance in the line of capacity and independence. The deaf may buy and run as many separate fruit farms as they can compass, but they can not mingle their interests with their deaf neighbors. Each one must stand the loss caused by his own blunders, each one reap the full reward of his own success.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President
Olof Hanson, O. H. Regensburg, Wash.
Secretary
S. M. Freeman, Cave Spring, Ga.
Treasurer
S. M. Freeman, Cave Spring, Ga.
Vice-Presidents
Anton Schroeder, Minn. Mrs. J. S. Long, Iowa
Mrs. J. F. Meagher, Wash. O. G. Carrell, Texas.
Executive Committee:
Olof Hanson, Washington, D. C.
S. M. Freeman, Georgia
Thomas Francis Fox, New York
Waldo H. Rothert, Nebraska
B. Randall, Allabough, Pennsylvania
Frank P. Gibson, Illinois
Arthur L. Roberts, Kansas
Harley D. Drake, Ohio
J. G. Ketchie, Oregon

[OFFICIAL.]

THE MOVING PICTURE FUND.

Mr. Regensburg, Chairman of the Moving Picture Fund writes as follows:—

MR. OLOF HANSON,
President N. A. D.

DEAR SIR:—I have no formal report to make at this time. During the summer, it has been hard to reach the Committee, as all were away on vacation, and when they have all replied, I will have something to announce.

Mr. W. E. Dean has kindly relieved me of the care of my books, which I value on account of his experience in keeping books. I still however handle the cash.

Up to July the first, interest to the amount of \$64.03 was added to the Fund, with more due soon. Also \$2.00 was contributed by a Marylander, and a party promised to send \$9.85 which was collected, but the blank was mislaid at the time.

Very truly yours,
OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.
VENICE, CAL., Sept. 6, 1912.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF R. J. STEWART.

Mr. Stewart is Business Manager of the Moving Pictures Films, and writes to Mr. Regensburg as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 12. Your check for \$5.00 for uses of the Gallaudet films received. To date have received \$70.14 for use of the films from the following sources:

Delavan Convention of Teachers. . . \$ 50
Mississippi Convention, E. M. Rowse 6 25
Kansas Convention, A. L. Roberts. . . 3 39
Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Zorn 5 00
Flint, Mich., Mr. Bristol 5 00
Supt. Walker, S. C. 5 00
J. S. Long, Omaha and Council Bluffs 10 00
Supt. Stewart, Oklahoma. 5 00
Supt. Thomas, Texas. 5 00
Supt. Argo, Colorado. 5 00
Mr. Bumgardner, New Mexico . . . 5 00
Mr. Simpson, Wichita, Kansas . . . 5 00
Mr. Regensburg, Los Angeles. . . . 5 00

All sent reports as being well pleased with the films.

I have one exhibition booked for August and one during September.

There are two more exhibitions pending. By the end of September \$15.00 more will be added to the above, which will make quite a tidy sum for one year's rental.

The amount I have already is almost enough to replace Dr. Gallaudet's lecture in case it should wear out in any way become damaged.

There is always risk of accident to the films while being run through the projectors, and I think I should have enough on hand to replace any part damaged. If necessary I could then replace an entire reel within four or five days, and parties having booked the films would not be disappointed.

Next week I hope to have a notice in the JOURNAL about the film, and will then make some suggestions as to how to go about holding exhibitions.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.
The date of the Cleveland Convention is under consideration. Quite a number of conventions will be held in Cleveland during the Perry Celebration, halls will be in great demand, and hotels will be crowded. The local committee is considering the question, and the Executive Committee will await its recommendations before taking action. No doubt a satisfactory solution will be found.

OLOF HANSON,
SEATTLE, Sept. 16, 1912.

Brooklyn Guild

A meeting of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes will be held in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday, October 3d, 1912, at 8 P.M. Important business. Please tell your friends to come. All welcome. Rev. J. H. Keiser will address the meeting.

WM. G. GILBERT,
Rec. Secretary.

WASHINGTON.

After a three months' vacation, which was spent at their cottage in Branford, Ct., on Long Island Sound, Rev. A. D. Bryant and family returned last week to their Washington home much refreshed and invigorated. They immediately set to work arranging for the re-opening of Calvary Baptist Deaf-Mute Mission which, as usual, discontinued services during the summer. A meeting of the members of Calvary Baptist Church has been called for next Wednesday evening, September 25th, at which plans for the ensuing year will be discussed and adopted. The first sermon for the year will be delivered by Rev. Bryant, Sunday evening, September 29th, and it is presumed that services will be held as usual on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. A business meeting of the Calvary Bible Club, which has always held its sessions on the third Wednesday evening of each month, will probably be called in the near future, by President John T. Flood. At this meeting, officers for the coming season will be nominated and elected.

A visit by your scribe to George Washington Hospital on September 21st, found Mr. Gilbert O. Erickson, leader of Calvary Baptist Sunday School, much improved in health and expecting to be able to return to his home during the present week. We are all extremely gratified at his steady recovery, and hope that in time he will be able to resume his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Neillie of Cleveland, O., were in town last week, having come overland from the Ohio city in an automobile. Their trip had both pleasures and mishaps. A part of the way, the roads were as fine as could be, but others, "principally those roads thro' the recently flooded district near Pittsburgh, were something awful, and time and again Mr. and Mrs. Neillie were stuck hub-deep in the mud, and it was with the utmost difficulty and the expenditure of a great amount of time and labor that they finally extricated themselves and their auto from the mire. However, they arrived in Washington on about schedule time, and spent several days taking in the sights of the Capital City. Their trip home will also be by automobile, but by a different route. Here's wishing them a bon voyage, or whatever you call it, and hopes that they will find it convenient to make us another and longer visit in the not distant future.

William Lowell has moved his family from Benning, D. C., to Kenilworth, D. C., which is a much better location, and incidentally has a very much better domicile and poultry plant. Their three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, was quite ill for a time, but is much better now.

The stork again stopped on his flight over Benning, D. C., and deposited a ten pound-baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keyser, on the 30th of August. Congratulations.

Miss Maud Edington celebrated her sixteenth natal anniversary by having a small party, to which only maidens and bachelors were invited. From all accounts reaching us, "a very pleasant time was had by all."

We have been informed that Mr. "Billy" Pfunder has at last forsaken the suburbs, and has moved his family back to the city again. They are said to be located at 604 A Street, N. E., a stone's throw from the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Trundle (nee Miss Annie B. Barry), of Centerville, Md., while on their way home from their wedding trip, stopped off in Washington for a short time, and were entertained by Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Merrill. Their many friends here join us in extending our felicitations and wishes for a long and happy voyage upon the sea of matrimony.

Mrs. Joseph Rosenbloom, who has been visiting her folks here for the greater part of the summer, left for her home in Richmond, Va., a few days ago.

Mr. Robert Goodwin, formerly of Iowa, but who now hangs up his hat somewhere away down in Florida, was in Washington for a few days during the first part of September. He was a classmate of the writer at the Iowa School, many long years ago.

Mr. Joseph Heeke, of Richmond, Va., came up on "Cupid's Special" a week or so ago. He was looking for a job, but it seems as if he failed to land one. He is a printer by trade.

We have just learned that Miss Minnie J. Kipp, formerly of the Census Office, has been appointed to a position as teacher in the Malone, N. Y., School. We were all hoping that she would receive another appointment in the government service here. Washington's loss is Malone's gain, and we extend our congratulations to both Miss Kipp and the School.

OCCASIONAL

Mrs. Lydia Comellus has been visiting friends at Lockport and Dunkirk, N. Y., and is now making her home with her sister at 276 Dodge Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The East and What I Saw.

Having again reached my Ozark home and rested my tired bones and sore feet, caused by "walking the pave" of some of the great cities of our country, I will make an effort to enlighten the JOURNAL readers as to what I saw and what I accomplished in my recent trip across the States, from the south slope of the Ozarks, to the sublime and mighty Falls of the Niagara.

On a beautiful afternoon in June I left Koshkonong, Mo., my home town on the Frisco, with Kansas City in view as my first stopping point. Anyone who has not enjoyed a trip through the Ozarks cannot imagine the beauty of the country in South Missouri. It was an all-night ride from my home. I reached Springfield at 9 and Ft. Scott, Kansas at 12. Early in the morning I passed through the pretty little village of Olathe, where the Kansas School for the Deaf is located. Only the big black smoke-stack of the school could be seen from the car window. However, the next time I go through Olathe I am going to make it a point to get off and visit this school. Across the muddy Missouri the train carried me, and into the big packing town of Kansas City, Mo. After getting up town and washing some of the Missouri dirt out of my hide, I went to the home of some old Omaha friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Boston, where I spent the evening, being entertained like a Prince all evening. The next day, Saturday, June 22d, was spent with my old time friend, Rev. J. M. Koehler. In the evening I gave my first lecture, under the auspices of K. C. Division, number 31, N. F. S. D. A nice little crowd was present. They asked for more, and I promised to visit K. C. again in the near future. I also spoke of N. A. D. work, the Oral Question, Industrial Bureau Exhibit, etc. After the meeting, Rev. Koehler and I went to the Edwards Hotel with the idea in view of getting a good night's rest, but the nomination of Taft, which occurred that evening, brought so much joy to the heart of my good Republican friend and Bro. Frat, that it was almost morning before he finally bade me good-night, or rather good morning. I had to hustle the next morning to make a train for St. Joseph, where I was down for a lecture number two. I arrived in St. Joseph at noon Sunday. It was just 13 years ago to date that I made my first visit to the old town of St. Joe, and it was right there, and at that time, that I made a vow that some day I would own a Missouri farm, and I have kept my promise. And my advice to any young deaf man who has any love for farming is to make plans now to get hold of a good piece of farm land, build a home, and be happy and independent. Some time ago some one made a remark about the occupation of farming, which is still quotable: "God might have made possible a better or more honorable occupation than farming, but He didn't."

At the St. Joseph station we were met by Mr. Oscar Geiwitz and Mr. Delaney. I had met Mr. Delaney before, but not Mr. Geiwitz. I was taken to the home of Mr. Geiwitz and entertained until evening, and say, "Gee Whiz," Oscar and his better two-thirds are some entertainers. They have a beautiful home. The city has been trying for some time to buy up the property in their district to turn it into a city park. After my regular lecture in the evening, I was able to start what promises to be a new Division of the N. F. S. D. Before I leave St. Joe, I want to give you a "tip." If you ever happen to land in this old town on the "Big Muddy," don't forget to hunt up Oscar. He will treat you right. Sunday night, June 23, I boarded the "B. and M. Rattler" for Omaha, my old home, the home of my boyhood days, the place where I entered the business world and got the knocks and kicks that go to make a man.

Monday evening, June 24, I met my co-worker on the Industrial Bureau, Mr. Rothert, and we talked over the plans for the coming exhibit at Cleveland. Later another meeting was held by the members of the N. F. S. D. Messrs. J. S. Long, Wittever, Rothert, Seely and the writer, being present. The chief subject discussed was the best plan to follow to get the N. F. S. D. convention for Omaha. The plan adopted was a winner. Omaha is the next convention city.

Right here I will endeavor to enlighten President Hanson and the JOURNAL readers as to the Oral situation in Nebraska. This is the first time I have mentioned this question, for the simple reason I was not fully posted as to the facts. I hate to fool with a gun that is in the habit of going off "half-cocked." Likewise I dislike the man or woman that talks or writes without being fully informed and posted on the subject for debate. I have been keeping in touch with the Nebraska situation since the first appearance of the so called "Oral Bill" in the legislature. The fact that I know personally many members of the last Nebraska legislature has helped me a considerably. I have lived in Nebraska for twenty-five years, was a member of two Omaha political organizations for over ten years, and I feel that I am better posted on this

question than any other Nebraska deaf man or woman, and I have decided to write, and write plainly so that he who reads may learn if they care to do so.

In the first place, I want to say, that Nebraska has and still breeds some of the worst politicians to be found in the United States. These politicians are right now holding all kinds of honors from the governorship down to minor appointive offices.

These men have never hesitated to use the Nebraska School for the Deaf, if necessary, to further their dirty work. There is not an officer or employee at the Nebraska School but what is called upon every fall to contribute to the campaign fund of the party in power. Two years ago there was a change in the governorship, the Democrats going out and Republicans coming in. At the time Prof. R. E. Stewart, one of the best and most progressive superintendents in the country, was in charge of the school, having been placed there by a Democratic governor. There was no excuse for removing him. However the Republicans wanted the place and the "coin" that went with it, and right here is where the "Oralists" saw their chance, and they made the most of it. They got the Governor in line, then they pushed their bill through with the aid of plenty of money. In fact, most all of the members that voted for the bill, did so without knowing both sides of the question. The local State Association did nothing, in fact did not dare to. The officers of the Association are employed at the school, and they, knowing where their bread and butter comes from, kept mum, for they did have enough sense to know that history would repeat, and Prof. Stewart would have to go, and they of course wanted to be in line for re-appointment under the new chief. The Governor lost no time in signing the bill, and paid no attention whatever to the protests of the educated deaf that went to him for a respectful hearing. Then the Governor went to the Oralists and asked for a man, and they recommended Mr. Booth. To make a fight on Supt. Booth is in my opinion all wrong. Personally, all the deaf who have met him, like him. He is a nice man who is simply doing what he is paid for and is following the "fool law" passed by the legislature and signed by the Governor. He believes in the *Pure Oral Method* and will in time turn the school into a *Pure Oral School*. He is not doing it himself. He is following the law. I am open to conviction, but if I lived a thousand years, I doubt if I could be convinced that the *Pure Oral Method* is superior or any where near equal to the *Combined System*. I simply say this again for the benefit of a few who may think I am doing some "plugging" for Prof. Booth. If Supt. Booth would run the Nebraska School under the Combined System, I would be glad indeed to see him retained. If he refuses to run the school under the Combined System in case the *Oral Law* is repealed, then the deaf should keep after him until he is "canned."

The law can be repealed, but it is not going to be an easy job. Bear in mind what I tell you. Long distance firing from Seattle will never turn the trick. I must say that it is a waste of time and money to attempt to do anything from Seattle. In my opinion the best thing to do is to make an effort to send Gov. C. A. Aldrich, who is a candidate for re-election to the political graveyard, and to make an effort to elect Hon. E. E. Howell, of Omaha, to the Senate, and Hon. W. S. Shoemaker, also of Omaha, to the House. Both of these men are old, tried and true friends of the deaf, and will do all in their power to put through legislation in their interest. The legislature will be in session from January to April, and it will be necessary to have a man "on the job" at the seat of government all through the session. It will take \$300, or \$100 per month, for a man's expenses for the 90 days. He should be a man who can do things with Nebraska people. I stand ready to serve or to join with 299 others in giving \$1.00 each to pay the expenses of any man President Hanson may select. The President might appoint a committee to draft a bill to take the place of the present "Oral Law," the new law to require the "Combined System" to be used in the Nebraska School. This is my view of the Nebraska situation to date.

I left Omaha Wednesday morning and lectured in Des Moines at the Roadside Settlement. While in town, I was the guest of the Waschkowsky sisters, Emma, Bertha and Ella. Most all the young deaf people I met at the Iowa capital were products of the Iowa School. Prof. Rothert could well feel proud of the neatly dressed and intelligent audience they made the night of the meeting. I look for several new "Frats" from Des Moines soon.

I arrived in Chicago Thursday morning and went direct to N. F. S. D. headquarters, where I found Secretary Gibson, or "Gib," as the Chicago boys call him. We found everything in apple-pie order there. Every delegate that went to the convention via Chicago, got his money's worth and then some. Chicago sure has some attractions and we

made the most of a short stay there. Sunday morning, we with several delegates from the north and west were on our way to Columbus. The trip was made in a special car over the Pennsylvania System. Arriving at Columbus it was the writer's luck to fall into the hands of Bro. Pat J. Connolly. If there is anything in Columbus that Pat is not posted on, the thing is not worth while. We hope he will continue to stand "Pat," and meet us at Cleveland next year. The *Frat* has given Columbus all that is due her, and I will pass her up, but before going on I wish to inform the Ohio deaf that Mr. C. W. Charles has consented to act as Chairman of the Ohio Exhibit Committee. I doubt if there is a better man in the Buckeye State for the place. I also had the pleasure of meeting the good Dr. Patterson and A. B. G.

Saturday night, July 6th, Rev. Koehler and the writer were on the way to Cleveland. We got off at the first station down town near the lake docks, and that climb up those stairs to the street reminded me of Pike's Peak. Once up to the street level, however, you find yourself in a beautiful city. I confidently look for an attendance of 1000 at the convention next year, and if the President can hold twenty per cent of them in the hall for business, he will be doing well. There are so many attractions in Cleveland that it would take a whole page of the JOURNAL to enumerate them. And what is more, they are clean and cheap. The Local Committee will have things in ship-shape, and you who fail to go to the convention next year, will miss the greatest show ever staged by the N. A. D.

And then after the convention that beautiful lake trip to Buffalo, and on to Niagara, and across Ontario to Toronto. "Be a sport; make Cleveland your port in 1913." In Cleveland, at the American House where I stopped, I met a traveling man by the name of Maddox. He stated he was interested in the deaf. He had a dear deaf friend down in Missouri, and he said to me: "I love him, in fact I love all mutes." Further he said: "I have met thousands of mutes, but never met one that was an infidel." Now there is something to be proud of, and 99% of us were educated under the "Combined System. Oralists please take notice."

Sunday night, July 7th, found us on board the steamer Buffalo with Wm. Klein, an old Omaha chum, who is now in the printing business in Buffalo. We were entertained in Buffalo by Mrs. Nelson, and Messrs. Bromwich, Klein and Conlon. Two fine meetings were held in Buffalo. The N. F. S. D. meeting was a "hummer." Buffalo will have a Division before Christmas. To state all the good things that were done to us during our week in Buffalo would require a supplement to the paper. I must state however that the deaf of the Empire State are "corking" good people, and I am going back there again some day.

Saturday night I began my journey back to the "Golden West," making stops at Cleveland and Cedar Rapids, Ia., for lectures. At Cedar Rapids we had a fine meeting and was entertained by Iowa's "big nine," Messrs. James, McKean, Osterberg, Carpenter, Rains, Boyle, Murdock, Martin and Oldfather. Mr. Lawrence James, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., will look after the Hawkeye State exhibit at Cleveland. The balance of the trip was made via Omaha and Kansas City. I arrived home with fifteen pounds of something under my hide that I did not have when I started away. I found all well at home, and the only mishap that occurred while I was absent was that my man (Friday) Edward Pforr, got lost in the woods and had to be escorted back to the right-of-way by a native son.

I am now planning another trip to the South and South-East. I wish to get in touch with the deaf of North and South Carolina and the Virginias. Clubs or Societies that wish lecture dates for December should write me at once.

Yours for the advancement of the deaf.

LYMAN M. HUNT,
Chairman Industrial Bureau N. A. D.
Sept. 12, 1912. KOSHKONONG, MO.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent-Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Elizabeth Hodder has returned to her home in Johnstown, N. Y. She has been spending the summer at "the Hemlocks." The summer home of her sister (Mrs. Fairchild) at Caroga Lake, Fulton County.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Harriet Cornelia Yerkes (nee Hammel), wife of Mr. Adolph Yerkes, died on Wednesday, 11th of September, 1912. The funeral was held on the following Sunday, at one o'clock, from her late residence, 4553 Worth Street, Frankford, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer officiating. The following deaf were at the funeral: Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Gunkel, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Yoder, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, and daughter Anna; Mrs. J. Mayer, Jr., Mrs. W. A. Miles, Mrs. R. Ormrod, Mrs. W. C. Shepherd, Mrs. J. O'Rourke and Messrs. J. Lewis, J. McDonough, and J. Westerhood.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. William Fries, Harry G. Gunkel, F. Stumpf, Chas. S. Yoder and two nephews. The interment was at Mt. Peace Cemetery. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Yerkes and family.

WAYNESBORO, PA. Sept. 15.—While picking berries on the mountain near here Miss Allice Bailey, a deaf-mute, of Beartown, killed a rattlesnake four and one-half feet long, with thirteen rattles. She is a woman of small size, but undaunted courage.

The Jewish Deaf Mute Sunday School at Mt. Airy will soon be reopened. Mr. Isadore Oppenheimer is the superintendent. The rooms used by the children are uninviting and it is the intention and desire of those in charge to have them beautified. Desirable pictures for the purpose will be gladly received by the superintendent, who resides at 237 Apsley street Germantown.—*Jewish Exponent*.

The 47th anniversary of the Clero Literary Association was on Sunday September 22d. In remembrance of it, President Sanders set apart the meeting of September 19th for remicuitent addresses by the older members. It was a good idea, but, unfortunately, some of the older members most wanted were unable to be present. It is to be hoped that the next anniversary commemoration in this simple way will be more successful.

The Gallaudet Club will hold its Fall quarterly meeting at the home of Mr. Harry E. Stevens, in Merchantville, N. J., next Saturday evening, September 28th. Messrs. Stevens, McKinney and Roach will be the hosts.

Philadelphia Council, No. 8, Knights De l'Espee, picnicked at Maple Grove Park, on the Fox Chase trolley line, last Saturday, September 21st. The winners of the games were Miss Lizzie Sands, of N. Y., and Miss Laura Mueller, 50 yards dash; Israel Steer, 100 yards dash; Martin A. Caviston, 120 yards dash. An enjoyable day was spent. Michael Cashmerack, of Reading, photographed the committees and other groups. The Committee of Arrangements was composed of F. J. Hanley, Chairman; A. McGahan, J. L. Weeney, M. A. Caviston, and F. Feighan.

The report of the proceedings of the Wilkes Barre Convention, August 22-24, is being printed and will be ready for distribution in October.

Report says that Miss Jeanette King, the former choir leader at All Souls' is to return to Philadelphia. Since leaving this city, she has been living at Corning, N. Y.

Mr. H. J. Haight was warmly greeted by his friends at the C. L. A. meeting last Thursday evening, being his first appearance since his return from Europe.

Joseph Mayer, Jr., joined the excursion of the Philadelphia Quartette Club to Mauch Chunk, on Sunday, 23d inst. Martin C. Fortesene also went to Mauch Chunk, with the employees of the Brill Car Company, on the same day.

J. H. Butterbaugh, of Altoona, was a visitor here, over a week ago. He brought his niece to the Mt. Airy School.

Messrs. Samuel Platsky and Pinky Hallem, both of Baltimore, Md., and Warren McCready, of Summit Hill, Pa., were among the visitors to All Souls' last Sunday, 22d inst.

Miss Hannah Reidy has returned from her two months vacation.

Messrs. John McDonough, Burd Richmond and William Morgan, all of Scranton, enjoyed a cheap rate excursion to Philadelphia, on September 16th.

Mr. John C. Jump, of Milford, Del., spent two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. F. Stumpf here.

Remember the Apple Social at All Souls' Hall, on Saturday evening, October 5th. A good time will be in store for all who attend. Admission will be fifteen cents. The affair will be in charge of the following committee: Chas. M. Pennell, Chairman, Alex. McGhee, Harry G. Gunkel, and Mesdames Riggs, Dantzer, Pennell and Gunkel.

Miss Margaret Bennet, of Phoenixville, Pa., spent her vacation of five weeks very enjoyably in Pittsburgh. She was educated at the school there, and met many old friends who were glad to see her again.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The De l'Epee Society, a branch of the Allied organization, directed by Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., re-opened after its summer vacation, on Sunday, the 22d, at its meeting place in Knights of Columbus Institute, Brooklyn, with President Sylvester J. Fogarty in the chair. After prayer by Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., various business as transacted in a short time. Then Mr. Fogarty began his narrative of his European trip from Paris, France, to Rome Italy.

On the Sunday previous Father McCarthy, by the aid of stereopticon, at the Xavier College Theatre gave a very interesting lecture of his travels and the Paris Congress. Mr. Fogarty, therefore, thought it would interest his friends by giving an account from Paris to Rome, where he had audience with the Pontiff, Pius X. His description of his journey was made more interesting by here and there throwing in some witty sayings, especially in Switzerland. Did he go the Alps? Why, ask Prof. McGregor, whom he met there. Mr. Fogarty described that gentleman, as a cultured Professor from Ohio, a thorough gentleman from head to foot.

The ascent of the Alps need not be delineated here. Sufficient to say that Mr. Fogarty ascended it all right.

I would take too much space to tell of his long journey, but it was a pleasant one—for Mr. Fogarty thoroughly enjoyed every mile and foot of the way, and at last arrived in Rome.

How to see the Pope?

That was the main and all-absorbing desire.

But how could he?

Reference from very influential personages he had none.

I was no easy matter.

Give it up after the long journey? Not much!

So he began to lay his plans.

It took two days before he had the honor to see and receive the blessing of the head of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty is an honored graduate of Fawcett, and is proud of it. He was educated under the Combined System, but had any advocate of the Pure Oral Method been present at his lecture, they would have wondered at Mr. Fogarty's ability to speak and use signs at the same time.

Was he understood?

The applause at the conclusion, both from the hearing and deaf present fully testified to that.

At the conclusion Mr. John Francis O'Brien stated that the Catholic deaf had reason to congratulate themselves on one of their number securing an audience with the Pope. In Mr. Fogarty, who was president of the De l'Epee Society, a Promoter and Treasurer of the Xavier Ephpheta Society, as well as a Director of the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club, they were represented four times over, and that their Rev. Director had been accorded such distinguished attention at the Paris Congress, was another reason for congratulation.

On Saturday evening, September 21st, a surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Felix A. Simonson, as a sort of welcome to their native land after three months of travel in the Old World.

Mrs. Harry C. Dickerson was the moving spirit of the affair and was actively assisted by Mrs. Bella Ben-singer Changnon.

The Simonsons had been decoyed from home in the late afternoon, and when they returned between eight and nine in the evening, were "struck dumb" with astonishment to find their apartments in the possession of a number of friends, who surrounded and congratulated them.

After quiet was restored, conversation made the time fly until supper was announced, which proved quite an appetizing repast. It was midnight when the exodus for home and Morpheus began.

Incidentally the affair was a reception to the others of the deaf who had spent the summer in Europe—namely, Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, Messrs. Nubor, Frankenheim, Kohlman, Basch, and Hodgson—and they were all showered with greetings and good wishes by those assembled.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Simonson, there were present: Messrs. and Mesdames Harry C. Dickerson, E. Souweine, Samuel Goldberg Marcus L. Kenner, C. C. McMann, Marx Levy, Arthur C. Bachrach, James B. Gass, Moses Loew; Mrs. Bella Changnon, Mrs. Sophie Loew Miss Sharp, Messrs. Keith W. Morris, Samuel Frankenheim, Henry C. Kohlman, Francis W. Nubor, Edwin A. Hodgson, Marton Moses, Emil Basch, J. Sweeney.

Guess you'll be interested to know the Xavier Club is still in the arena planning to put over some

MAINE

THE MAINE MISSION FOR THE DEAF MEET IN CONVENTION IN LEWISTON.

About a hundred people were in convention at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Saturday, when the Maine Mission for the Deaf held its thirty-third annual session. They came from all over the state, and a few from Massachusetts, nearly all being deaf-mutes.

While previous arrangements had been made by the officers for the accommodation of the guests, Elmer Fogg of Lewiston did a great deal to help the strangers, and to see that they received accommodations.

The convention was opened at two o'clock, and following the usual exercises, the address of welcome by the president, A. L. Carlisle, of Bangor, was enjoyed. Mr. Carlisle has served as president of this mission sixteen years, and is highly respected by business acquaintances as well as his friends. Mr. Carlisle said:

"To-day we are once more gathered together from various parts of this grand old State for the thirty-third time since the founding of this association in 1877. I bid you all welcome to this convention, the object of which is to help each other in upholding our association."

"I have been asked, 'What has been accomplished by these conventions of the Maine Mission for the Deaf?'" Let me say that if no conventions were held, we, who are scattered all over this State, would be in almost entire ignorance of each other, except in the larger communities where there are a number of deaf people. Therefore, you can readily see that a great benefit is derived from these conventions inasmuch as they afford an opportunity for us to keep in touch with each other and make the acquaintance of deaf people whom we have not known before. It is true that in this State there are only about five hundred deaf-mutes—totally deaf and partly deaf combined—but this does not prevent us from gathering together once each year. The association has benefited its members by giving religious talks in different places and helping in the care of the poor deaf, and in promoting the spirit of fellowship among the deaf.

"No doubt you all know that the last legislature which assembled in August appropriated \$200 a year for two years for the benefit of the aged and infirm deaf-mutes in the State of Maine. The association is indeed grateful for this act on the part of the legislature, and the appropriation has benefited greatly two deaf-mutes who were nearly helpless. If you could see these two people personally you would be convinced that they have been very much helped and they appreciate it. An effort will be made to have the next legislature increase this appropriation, and in order to accomplish this it would help greatly if those of you who have the opportunity would personally see the representative from your respective towns, to the next legislature, and ask for their support of the bill. An appropriation of this sort is much better than the begging for charity from the public. This latter method encourages the work of frauds in their begging for money on the ground that they are deaf-mutes. The public suffers enough from this."

TO ERRECT MEMORIAL MONUMENT. "You are undoubtedly already aware of the fact that there if a plan on foot to raise a sufficient sum to erect a new monument to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, in Hartford, Ct., where the old monument is decaying. I believe that an amount between \$1200 and \$1500 is needed for this purpose and the deaf all over the United States are planning tonight in raising the amount needed on the anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Gallaudet, Dec 10th. Now do you not think it would be a splendid idea for the deaf of our own state to contribute their share of this fund and present it on that particular day in this way showing our gratitude towards the Rev. Gallaudet for opening the first school for the deaf in the United States in Hartford, Conn., in the year 1817."

STATE SCHOOL AT PORTLAND. "We in Maine have a State school located in Portland which has done a world of good towards educating the deaf of this State. The State of Maine has been liberal in its provisions for deaf education. Over one hundred girls and boys are enabled to attend the school in Portland each year. The buildings which comprise the school are situated very close to the growing section at Portland."

"I think the matter should be called to the attention of the legislature and that money should be appropriated for a new set of buildings to be erected a few miles outside the city, which would cover the needs of the boys and girls attending the school, allowing them plenty of fresh, pure air, and a good chance for out of door exercise and recreation. This would be for the benefit of the entire State as well for the pupils attending the school,

for the boys and girls of the present day are the men and women of the future.

COMBINED SYSTEM PREFERABLE.

"It is very regrettable to note that the combined system (speech, finger-spelling, and sign language), is being crushed out of the schools by the pure oralism (speech only). At the school for the deaf in Portland the combined system is used which you can readily see is more beneficial to the deaf pupils. The pure oralists mean well, but they cannot understand the needs and ways of the deaf people. It reminds me of a story I once read of a mother hen and a brood of ducks. The ducks ran to the water and glided along easily while the mother hen ran frantically along the shore, cackling and scolding at them, fearing they would drown. The deaf are like the ducks, inasmuch as the oralists do not like to see the deaf people talking by the sign language."

"I read in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of last week of the Congress of the deaf of the world which was held in Paris, France, the first of August. The article reads 'Never before have so many of the deaf from so many different countries met and mingled. They came from America, England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Turkey, Armenia, Italy, Switzerland, and from other countries which escaped my notes. But all managed to make themselves understood by the universal sign language.' Now let us ask the pure oralists what they think of this?"

"With regret, I announce the passing away of nine deaf-mutes in this State since our last convention, held in Augusta. This is an unusual number of deaths among the deaf for one year and is the largest since the organization of this association. The secretary will announce the names."

"In conclusion I wish to express my appreciation to Elmer Fogg, of Lewiston, for his help to me in making arrangements for the holding of this convention in this city, and I also wish to thank Rev. A. T. Salley, D. D., for his kindness in allowing us the use of his church for our meetings; also the local papers, especially the Lewiston Evening Journal and the Lewiston Daily Sun."

Following this address, the report of the secretary was read and approved. The treasurer's report showed that \$56.13 was on hand and \$1,510.80 was in the savings bank, the interest of which is used for the benefit of the deaf in Maine and the general running expenses of the convention. It was stated that the \$500 appropriated by the State for this mission was used for Cornelius Kane of Auburn and Mrs. Lyman Tripp of Portland, both of whom are practically helpless.

Of the money which was at interest, \$1,000 was given the Maine Mission for the Deaf by Miss Emily Spofford, of Bucksport, who has been greatly interested in this work. Five hundred dollars was secured by the Mission itself and added to this sum as a reserve, in order to help those who are in need.

It was reported that there are ten deaf-mutes in Maine who are in desperate circumstances, and while the appropriation from the State is being put to good advantage, there is still a need for a great deal more and it is hoped that at the next session of the legislature, the State will appropriate a larger amount.

After the treasurer's report, the election of officers took place, and the following were elected: President—A. L. Carlisle, of Bangor. Secretary—Miss Fannie Kinball, of Gardiner. Treasurer—Geo. W. Wakefield, of Brownfield.

The next Convention of the Mission will be held in Bath, Me., in 1913.

The program in the evening will be along social lines. Mr. Carlisle and G. A. Fisher of Saco making brief remarks. The refreshments which will be provided, are given by George M. Fogg, of Lewiston, father of Elmer Fogg.

SOMETHING ABOUT MAINE'S DEAF

Some 150 deaf people are among the residents of Maine, and of these hardly a person but what has received sufficient education and are in business for themselves. Some are farmers, some professional men, and others have trades, but all are industrious and interested in the welfare of the deaf.

Mr. Carlisle, the president of the association, has conducted 42 religious services thruout the State, this year, and not only have they provided such services for these deaf-mutes, but they have seen that none are allowed to be in need.

One thing that is carefully guarded against is the begging. A real deaf-mute will not stand this. It is in almost every case an impostor who goes about the country trying to work upon the feelings of the public to get money for himself.

Miss Goldsmith related a case in Boston which occurred only the other day. She said she was taking dinner in a hotel there, and a young man came in distributing cards, which said: "Help me, I am deaf." She spoke to him, and soon found out that the fellow was trying to get money under false pretenses. He said that he wanted money to help him to go to school in Portland,

and that he was twenty years old. These two things were enough to convince Miss Goldsmith that he was a fake, for in the first place he was too old to go there, and as it is a State School it costs nothing to attend. Besides, had he been going to a school for the Deaf, he would have attended one nearer his own city.

This is only one of many cases and to the deaf person this is the last thing they need do.

A. L. Carlisle of Bangor, has been a casket upholsterer in Bangor for about thirty years. He has three children, who can hear perfectly, and his oldest son is married and lives in Kankakee, Ill.

J. Fred Flynn, the secretary, is also a casket trimmer in the same city, and Mr. Flynn proudly announces that he has two children, one two years old, who hears perfectly, and the other only three months old. He thinks the little boy will hear as he is susceptible to sounds.

The treasurer, George W. Wakefield, of Brownfield, who is one of the wealthiest farmers in that section, is highly esteemed by the members of this organization, as will be recognized as he has never been placed under bond. He has been in office for thirty years. First as president, then secretary and now treasurer. Mr. Wakefield has one son, who hears and is located on his father's property.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our much loved friend, Mrs Sarah M. Wakefield of Brownfield, Me., and of the still greater loss sustained by her husband daughter and son, therefore, be it

Resolved, That remembering her faithful attendance at all convention of the Maine Mission for the deaf over thirty years and her patient and cheerful ways, it is but a just tribute to her memory for one who was worthy of our love and respect.

Resolved, That we the members of Maine Mission for the Deaf tender to her husband and family our heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow and commend them to Our Heavenly Father for consolation.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our records a copy be sent to the husband of our deceased friend and another to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for publication.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take from us our beloved and esteemed friend, Mrs. Lucy Curtis, and in view of the great loss sustained by her daughter; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in her death, we lose one of the original members of the Maine Mission for the Deaf, whose motherly and kindly personality endeared her to all members of the association. Be it also,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our records and that a copy be sent to the daughter of the deceased and to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

WHEREAS, The silent messenger of having entered our Mission for the Deaf and taken our friend and member, Mrs. Prudence Staples, of East Belfast, Me.; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Maine Mission for the Deaf, extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Francis Staples in his time of sorrow. Be it further,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our records a copy sent to the bereaved husband and another to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Among the out-of-town guests were: J. Fred Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carlisle, Bangor; C. M. Staples, Belfast; Anna A. Brown, Castine; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Z. Hanson, Zebanon; Melvin W. Allen, Burleigh; Mr. and Mrs. J. Myer, Orono; Adolph Fisher and Fred Spear of Portland; Mrs. Susie D. Zaitz, Bucksport; Mrs. A. U. Dextel, Skowhegan; A. W. Orcutt, Duxbury; Hattie M. Webb, Gray; Fred M. Littlefield, Kennebunk.

On Sunday morning services were conducted by Rev. A. T. Salley, D.D., of Lewiston. The attendance was large.

On Sunday evening at the Baptist Church, a religious meeting was held. Mr. A. W. Orcutt, Mrs. Folsom, Mr. Mayberry and Mr. Goldsmith and others took part. Everybody enjoyed the meeting.

Reading, Pa.

Mr. D. Rosenbaum has removed to 700 Penn Street. He is in steady business as tailor. He arrived in the United States from Germany thirty-two years ago.

Mrs. D. Rosenbaum (nee Miss Minnie Elkins) was in New York last summer, and had a pleasant time. Her sister, Mrs. H. Lewold and her child, of New York, will visit Reading this Fall.

Mr. Charles Snyder, a hardware moulder with the Reading Hardware Company, is a very good worker.

Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Williamsport, Pa., was here on Sunday, September 15th, in connection with his Mission work.

All the deaf of Reading, Pa., are well and have good positions.

Mrs. D. Rosenbaum's mother, sister, and child, brother-in-law aunt and cousins, were in Europe last summer. Their travels led to Berlin, Switzerland, Paris, Bad Manheim and other places. They have arrived home safe and sound, none were a bit seasick. They said the water was beautiful, smooth as glass.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

September 21, 1912.—The eighty-third term of the Ohio School for the Deaf opened Wednesday by the arrival of pupils from their several homes, and on Thursday the school machinery was set in motion, and matters went on as if there had been no interruption of work for three months.

Tuesday evening the teachers were called together. The meeting this time was held in B rotunda, instead of the library, which has been used for so many years. It required pretty close elbowing around the walls to give room for the fifty persons employed in the literary department, all of whom were present, except Miss Parker, who is undergoing a siege of typhoid fever at her home in this city. Supt. Jones appointed a committee to write her, extending sympathy and hopes of a speedy recovery, from her co-laborers. Mr. McGregor was also absent, but he is coming as fast as his ship can plow her way westward from Naples.

After congratulating the teachers upon their return to work and their healthy appearance, he spoke of the duties before them, and hoped they would enter upon their work with zeal that would show good results at the end of the school year. He announced that after Thursday's meeting, there would be no services held in the chapel until Thanksgiving, or until the painters and carpenters have completed the renovations that are to be made there, the walls frescoed and new seats installed. After the giving out of class lists, the meeting adjourned, and the teachers mingled socially, relating their vacation experiences. The new teachers are Miss Marjorie Tyler, of Ohio, a former normal student here and last year a teacher in the Kansas School. Miss Margaret Warren, of Kentucky, who taguht the previous year in the Florida School. Miss Pauline Jones becomes the Superintendent's stenographer and clerk in place of Miss Denman, who was married last June.

Mr. Elasco Burcham succeeds Mr. Toomey as Boys' Supervisor.

A good many of the pupils on arriving at the Union Station Thursday had the necessary quarter ready to pay for their trunk and transportation to the school, but were surprised when told that only fifteen cents was necessary, and they could ride out on the Oak Street line, or walk in the care of older pupils. The Columbus Transfer Company has been doing the job for these many years, and probably wonders why the change was made.

Pupils were more prompt returning to school this year than they have been for some time, probably due to the fact that there have been no cheap Sunday excursions this summer. There are four hundred pupils registered at this time, forty-six of whom are newcomers—27 boys, 19 girls. Attendance of five hundred pupils is expected.

The perfume of onions prevades the premises about the west end of the shop building and old building, for let it be known that the cellar of the former and the first floor of the latter hold one hundred and fifty bushels of the bulbs brought over from the farm of the Imbecile School. They are to be used here.

Says the Fremont Daily News of the 14th inst.:

"Thursday, September 26th, there will be a deaf-mute wedding at St. Paul's Episcopal Church and in the evening a deaf-mute service will be held. The Rev. Mr. Albaugh, deaf-mute priest, will be here to officiate and further notice of these interesting services will be given later."

Miss Gertrude Neldon was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mayer from Saturday to Thursday this week. She will not return to the Louisiana School as a teacher, but in the near future will enter one of more domestic felicity.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Frazier gave a party Saturday evening last, in honor of the pupils who will return to school from near their home in Bridgeport. They are Joseph Lamotte, David Williams and Dennis Riley. Numerous games were played during the evening and every body felt good. A tempting and delicious lunch was served and no one was backward in partaking of it. When the party broke up, the best of wishes were extended to the young students the coming year at school.

Those in attendance at the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. William Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Bremer, Messrs. David Williams, Joseph Lamotte, Dennis Riley, Elmer Conaway, Misses Ada Anderson, Grace Littleton and Ida Millard.

Mr. Edward King, accompanied by his daughter Hazel, returning from the Home last Sunday, where he held services for the residents, was given quite a jarring by two

cars trying to pass each other at the same time on a single track. The car he was on was waiting on a side track for another to pass. The switch didn't work properly when the coming car struck it and hence ran into the waiting one, which was full of passengers, and about all were knocked from their seats. Mr. King escaped with the loss of a little red fluid from his nose, as a result of the nasal organ coming in sudden contact with the back of the seat in front of him.

Mr. Wm. Murphy, a graduate of the school, and for a number of years foreman of the shoe shop in the Arkansas School, stopped over here last week for a couple of days on his way down South. He received his shoemaking education under Mr. P. P. Pratt, while he had charge of the shop here, whom he called upon during his stay here.

Miss Eva Matthews had as her guest, Tuesday and Wednesday this week, her classmate, Mrs. Henry Deavers, nee Ethel Hixon. Mr. and Mrs. Deavers recently moved to Urbana, where the former has secured work in a paper mill there.

A. B. G.

An meine lieben Leidens-genossen.

Werthe Freunde!

Die in heiterer Stimmung heimgekehrten Delegaten des Pariser Taubstumm-Kongresses ueberbrachten die frohe Kunde, dass sie sich bei den deutschen Taubstumm sehr gut gefuehlt haetten, was mich veranlasst, Ihnen unseren herzlichsten Dank auszusprechen fuer die schoene Aufnahme, die Sie den amerikanischen Delegaten bereitet haben.

Meine Bitte an die deutschen Taubstumm, meinen amerikanischen Freunden waehrend des Aufenthaltes in Ihrer Stadt einige angenehme Stunden zu bereiten, wurde glaezend erfuellt. Bezuglich des Aufenthaltes in Ihrer Mitte beklagen sich die Delegaten nur darueber, dass die schoenen Stunden so schnell verlossen, dass sie jetzt nur ein Maerchen — ein Traum — eine Vergangenheit — sind. Diese aber werden den Delegaten stets in angenehmster Erinnerung bleiben. Nochmals besten Dank!

Die Leitung des „Deaf Mutes Journal“, von jeher mit den deutschen Taubstumm auf gutem Fuss stehend, deren Wohlergehen ihr am Herzen liegt, will mir von Zeit zu Zeit in ihrem sonst nur englisch gehaltenen Organ genuegend Raum ueberlassen, um mit den deutschen Taubstumm deutsch zu „reden“ und ihnen einen regelmassigen Gedanken-Austausch zu ermöglichen, um dadurch die bestehende Freundschaft zu erhalten und zu festigen.

Mit deutschem Gruss und Hand-schlag.

MORRIS SCHOENFELD,
2027—7th Avenue.

New York, den 24, Sept. 1912.

[Translation of the foregoing.]

TO MY DEAF BRETHREN!

DEAR FRIENDS:—The delegates who have returned full of joy from the Paris Convention of the Deaf-Mutes brought the good tidings to us that they felt themselves at home among the Germans. This prompts me to express to you my heartfelt thanks for the kind reception which you have given to the American delegates.

My appeal to the German deaf-mutes to render the stay of my American friends most agreeable has been fulfilled. Regarding their visit, the delegates deeply regret that the time spent there passed away so quickly that it now seems to them like a fairy-tale—like a dream. This visit shall always remain in the minds of the delegates. Again my heartfelt thanks.

The editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, who has always been very friendly toward the German deaf-mutes and taken great interest in their welfare, has promised me the use of his paper from time to time. In this way I shall be able to "speak" to the German deaf-mutes in their language.

Through this column the Germans can exchange their thoughts and the existing friendships will not only be preserved but new friend will be found.

With German greeting and clasp of hands.

MORRIS SCHOENFELD,
2027—7th Avenue.

New York, Sept. 24, 1912.

Diocese of Connecticut.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister in charge.

AUTUMN 1912.

Hartford—Christ Church, Chapel of Nativity, first and third Sundays, 8:30 p.m. First Sundays of October and December, Holy Communion.

New Haven—St. Paul's Chapel, second Sundays, 2:30 p.m.

Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, Parish House, third Sundays, 7 p.m. Second Sundays of October and December, Holy Communion 9:30 a.m.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, second Sundays at 7 p.m. Third Sundays of September and November, 9 a.m. Holy Communion.

Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church Parish House, at 10:45 a.m. first Sundays of each month.

Address of Pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

FANWOOD.

NIMMO WHITWASHES THE BEDFORD A. C.

With Nimmo, the reliable pitcher, twirling sensational ball, Fanwood walked far away from the Bedford A. C. by seven runs to nothing. Nimmo held his opponents to five hits, all of which were scattered. He also helped his game along by cracking out three safe hits. In the eighth inning Haggerty covered himself with glory, by rapping the horse-hide covered sphere square on the trade mark for three bases and sending a man home ahead of him. In the eighth inning Fanwood went batting mad and put three runs over the plate. Levy played a rather good game in the left garden. In five times at bat Gallip, the first baseman, of the Bedfords, whacked Nimmo's curves for three safe bingles. F. Lux was a second "Chief Meyers" behind the bat, his catching being exceptionally grand. The Bedfords put up a grueling contest which was holly won.

Nimmo broke the record for strike-out victims which was previously held by Birek in 1907. He fanned twenty men in succession, thus beating the record of eighteen strike out victims made by Birek. Scorer Rubin gives the following score:—

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Lux, W. ss	4	0	1	0	2	1
Gallip, 1b	3	3	2	4	1	1
Lux, F. c	4	2	3	19	1	1
Haggerty, 3b	4	1	2	6	0	0
Nimmo, p	4	1	2	0	1	0
Margraf, 2b	4	0	2	2	1	0
Levy, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Nichter, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Goldstein, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Schnapp, cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	33	7	13	27	5	3

BEDFORD A. C.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Titus, cf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Gallip, 1b	5	0	3	8	5	0
Geischen, ss	4	0	0	3	1	1
Estabrook, 3b	4	0	0	1	0	0
McNorton, 2b	4	0	0	2	0	0
Mullaly, c	4	0	1	8	1	0
Borchers, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Herbert, lf	2	0	0	1	0	0
White, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Total	35	0	5	24	8	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bedford A. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fanwood	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	3	7

Summaries:—Two base hits—Nimmo, Geischen, Mullaly, Haggerty. Three base hits—Haggerty. Sacrifice flies—Levy, Stolen bases—Borchers, Margraf. First base on balls—off Borchers 1, off Nimmo 5. Struck out—by Nimmo 25, Borchers 7. Left on base—Bedford A. C. 11, Fanwood 3. Passed balls—F. Lux. Time of game 1 hour and 57 minutes. Umpire—Mr. W. Gordon. Scorer—M. Rubin.

NOTES.

The moving pictures of the Fanwood Cadets in Military evolutions and the imitable Prof. Jones in the "Seven Ages of Man," and the "Parson and the Monkey," were recently exhibited at Scenic Temple, Boston, Mass., on September 5th, for the benefit of the Boston Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. A record crowd was on hand to see the motion pictures.

The Institution is now beginning to move along with a fair degree of smoothness, and everybody is beginning to feel at home. The regular school routine is being observed as usual.

Mr. Williams, boys' night supervisor, returned from Europe on the steamship "Carmania," where he spent the past month visiting his relatives in Wales.

A few of the Hebrew faith went to their respective homes again last Friday afternoon, where they celebrated their Yom Kippur holiday.

Mr. Paul Spanner, a former tutor of this Institution, was a recent visitor.

Cadet Captain Walter E. Kadel celebrated his natal day on Monday, September 23d. He went home on Saturday morning and remained there until Tuesday. He received numerous valuable gifts from friends and relatives. Congratulations.

Mr. G. G. Trawick, for several years foreman of the printing department of the Georgia Institution at Cave Spring, was a visitor at Fanwood on Friday, September 20th. He is taking a year of training at the 67th Street School, with the purpose of becoming an oral teacher.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Prof. Jones conducted the Sunday morning services, using the following text, "Be ye Thankful." Prof. Bjorlee preached the afternoon homily using "A great biography or the greatest of all biographies," as his subject. Mr. Skyberg, the new instructor from Gallaudet College, was an interested onlooker.

Prof. Jones has begun to deliver his weekly Sunday evening stories in the chapel. Last Sunday he rendered "The Marriage Plate," a novel from Strand Magazine, which proved to be of intense interest to all who saw the Professor recite the story in his clear signs.

Our school was visited last Wednesday afternoon by Miss Hinkley of Columbia University. She inspected the various classes and was deeply interested in the work being done towards the education of the deaf.

Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, President of the Board of Directors of this Institution, was a visitor last Monday, the 23d of this month. In company with Principal Currier he saw the boys at their noonday setting-up exercise, and later gave a short address before all the pupils in the dining-room. Principal Currier interpreting his remarks.

H. J. G.

HIS BREAD RETURNED.

He had kept the country store for twenty years. The signs read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody. It was the only store at the village crossroads, and he prospered in a modest way. After bad accounts were deducted his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably. They had a pretty little cottage with some fruit trees in the lot, kept some pigs, a cow, and a horse and buggy. They had enough, and were contented with that and their good name.

Then the old man took his nephew as a partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods. It put them in debt quite heavily, but their trade increased, and at the end of three years, when the farmers had brought in wheat, they had enough to pay all their debts and a thousand dollars over.

The nephew took the money, three thousand in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter trade.

The goods came promptly but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesaler expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account and stating that unless remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full amount, the new bill included.

The supper bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk, his wife saw there was something the matter and met him.

"We are ruined," he said in a lifeless tone, handing her the letter. "Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked hopefully.

"No," he replied listlessly. "Sure there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said, hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and on his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there is no way," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man, bitterly, "people never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money lender of the community, offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams, "your stuff is not worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait for the end.

* * *

They sat in the shade in front of the blacksmith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

"Too bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocket knife. "Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to the community," said another.

"There never lived a more accommodating man," added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always distrusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed out, and wondered what he would then do for a living.

There was one, the poorest and the most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

"Something ought to be done, men." He could hardly control his voice. It will be a low-down shame to let Uncle Charley be sold out."

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I did not have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked for it once. I could not pay him. I got ashamed and would not buy any more. Well, next fall when I took down with the fever there was not a thing in the house to go on. I tell you, we were in a mighty bad shape, and did not know what in the world would become of us, until one evening Mr. Johns came over and brought the doctor. Says he, 'Doc and I just thought we'd drop in.' And while the doctor was fixin' me up some medicine, he called my wife to one

side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay for it when he gets well.'"

No one spoke for some time. "Now, see here," continued Todd, "I'm a mighty poor man, but Bill says he will give me a hundred dollars for my bay mare, and I'm going to sell her and give the money to Uncle Charley to help pay off that debt." Several others volunteered to help.

"I don't think," said Mingus, "that it would be best to give him the money. He wouldn't feel right about it, you know. It ain't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four years, but it's just taken all the stiffening out of the old man, and he's lost all heart. If he could go on with the store and see a way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose Adams would loan him the money?" asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough if he can get security; but how is he going to get it?" said Willis.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man Johns' note for three thousand."

And so said every man there. A note was made out and put into the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed around, and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when I was hard up," said one.

"He helped Tom get through school when I was too poor to help him myself," said a father who was now well to do.

"After working all day, many's the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me into the store one day and persuaded me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I want to put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charley has been to us. The winter Jim died, Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then he gave her a pair of shoes. He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and wholesome you can't help but feel that he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute. There were but four more days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence, the courage were all gone. He was a poor, hopeless old man, down never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in, and then more until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly, and stood before Johns, trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man and managed to say, "Maybe it'll help you."

The old man looked at the paper. It was a note for three thousand dollars, due in three years, all ready for his signature. Below was the name of almost every man in the community as security. The old man tried to speak, but could only call: "Mary!"

His wife came quickly forward and looked at the paper.

"Thank em, ma, I can't," said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears were running down her face as she turned toward the men. They were all looking away.

"I can't, either," she said, as she slipped down beside her husband with her arm round his neck, "but they know."

"Looks sorter like rain over in the southwest," said Todd. "Guess we'd better to going, boys."—*Ex.*

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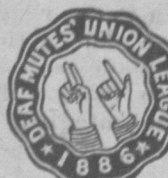
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